

# ROBERT E. LEE

A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS

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CHARLES SHERWOOD FARRISS

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ROBERT E. LEE

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Taken from *Life* by Wiley & Son,  
Lexington, Va., at Close of the Civil War.  
Lee on "Traveller," His Famous Horse.

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# ROBERT E. LEE

*A Play in Five Acts*

CHARLES SHERWOOD FARRISS

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BOSTON  
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THE GORHAM PRESS

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## CHARACTERS

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GEN. ROBERT E. LEE, Commander Confederate Army.

GEN. A. L. LONG, Secretary to Gen. Lee.

GEN. GEORGE C. MEADE, Commander Union Army at Gettysburg.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS.

GENS. HILL, PENDLETON, PICKETT,  
LONGSTREET, EWELL, PENDER,  
HOOD, HETH, MAJ. VENABLE }  
Confederate Officers

Officers Confederate Court-Martial: Presiding Officer; Attorney for Court.

Surgeon-General Confederate Army.

JULIA ANN CARTER, a Virginia girl.

MRS. CARTER, her mother.

CAPT. KINGDON SCOTT, Julia's lover—a Federal officer.

PEGGY SCOTT, a Pennsylvania girl.

MRS. SCOTT, her mother.

## CHARACTERS

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CAPT. SHIRLEY CARTER, Peggy's lover—a Confederate officer.

COL. SCOTT, Peggy's father; }  
GEN. HUNTER. } Federal Officers

TOM, Giant Negro, former slave of the Carters.

JIM STANSER, Conscientious Objector.

RUTH, Julia's Negro Maid.

HAYTARD, Confederate Congressman. }  
SHORTWAY, Confederate Congressman. } Conspirators  
against Lee

MR. BUNGLE, Editor Kussum. }

Four Confederate Deserters.

GEN. U. S. GRANT, Commander Federal Army.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

VICE-PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON.

Courier, Sentries, Negro Woman, Pick, a Negro boy.

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ROBERT E. LEE

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# ROBERT E. LEE

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## ACT I—SCENE 1

[*Gettysburg, Pa., in a wood, July, 1863. Captain Shirley Carter (Confederate) is walking slowly up and down the path. As he sees a young lady, Peggy Scott, approaching, apparently looking earnestly for something she has lost, he draws aside a few feet.*]

PEGGY SCOTT (*her head bent toward the ground*)

I must have dropped it somewhere near this place.

CAPTAIN CARTER (*advancing, hat in hand*)

Would I intrude in asking what you've lost?

PEGGY (*startled*)

Oh! men have such a way of startling one!

But pardon, sir! I know 'twas not your fault.

CAPTAIN CARTER

No doubt I should have been less startling, Miss.

You'll overlook a fault which wasn't foreseen

And meanwhile tell to me what you have lost?

PEGGY

Just a little piece of zephyr, sir.  
The merest bit to match some other by.

CAPTAIN CARTER

And may I help you find this fugitive?

PEGGY

Of course you may or else I must return  
Across the fields just for another piece.  
But, sir, I see you are my enemy!

CAPTAIN CARTER

'Tis my uniform of gray you judge.

PEGGY

Oh, yes, it is, and I am a Union maid.  
In Pennsylvania, sir, I have my home,  
And hither have you come invading that.

CAPTAIN CARTER

But uniform and lines of State should not  
Between the man and maiden intervene.

PEGGY

Then why between the *men* of either side?

CAPTAIN CARTER

Oh, simply from the fact that *men* do fight!

PEGGY

Should not the *woman* then, contend, at all?

CAPTAIN CARTER

Not so.

PEGGY

And why?

CAPTAIN CARTER

Oh, she's the saving clause!

PEGGY

And how's she that?

CAPTAIN CARTER

She heals the gaping wound,  
And by her tears she stays fierce anger's frown,  
When at her swollen face men stare so long  
They've time enough to calm themselves from  
hate.

PEGGY

Yes, "Plato, thou reason'st well," but I must go.

CAPTAIN CARTER

Not Plato, Miss, but Shirley Carter, please!

PEGGY

I've heard of you—you're kinsman of your Lee.  
I'm Peggy Scott.

CAPTAIN CARTER

Ah, Colonel Scott I know!

PEGGY

You know my father, then?

CAPTAIN CARTER

Yes, Miss, and more.

PEGGY

How's that?

CAPTAIN CARTER

I know your brother, Captain Scott.

PEGGY (*extending her hand*)

Then we'll be friends, but, for the time, good-bye!

CAPTAIN CARTER (*taking her hand*)

You'll let me walk a little space with you?

The woods are full of soldiers, here and there!

PEGGY

I need you not.

CAPTAIN CARTER

And why, my little friend?

PEGGY

These soldiers are of Lee.

CAPTAIN CARTER

But fear you not?

PEGGY

Oh no! We've had them at our home these days

Without alarm.

(*Starts off. Capt. Carter detains her.*)

CAPTAIN CARTER

Please stay a moment, Miss!

PEGGY (*turning back with a smile*)

But why the new detention, sir?

CAPTAIN CARTER (*stooping, he takes from the ground a small piece of wool and hands to her*)

Just this!

PEGGY

My bit of zephyr, sir, as sure's I live!

CAPTAIN CARTER

I think I might claim half of it, don't you?

PEGGY

You might do that and I might grant you it!

Rewarding you, I'll break in two the string.

I'll give you half and keep the other piece

Until we meet again.

(*Breaks string in two pieces and gives him one of them.*) Exit.

CAPTAIN CARTER (*stands for a moment in thought.*

*Shakes his head dubiously*)

The first time Shirley's felt this subtle glow

And she a Yankee girl! Just think of it!

No doubt her home is that just over there!

(*Looks off as at an object in the distance.*)

By George! her home is close to Gettysburg.

Pray God it meet no harm when Lee and Meade

Their forces join in battle at this place!

*Exit.*

## ACT I

## SCENE 2 (Same as 1)

*(Enter Congressman Haytard, Congressman Stanser, and Jim Stanser)*

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

At last we have our triggers set to spring  
A trap upon the unsuspecting Lee,  
And soon you'll see what I most long to see:  
A pack of howling Southern editors  
Upon his track to drive him from his place,  
And tear his military fame to shreds.

JIM STANSER

This thought of vengeance's pleasing to us  
both!

CONGRESSMAN HAYTARD

Has this man done you both a pers'nal wrong?

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

Yes, that he has, a deep and bitter wrong!

CONGRESSMAN HAYTARD

I hate him for the praise that others give,  
Since I believe he's ruining all the South  
By freeing slaves he owned, suggesting, too,  
That liberty be giv'n to blacks who'll fight.

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

All that we place within the pale of hate

And share it, too, with you; but other things  
Than those which are political move us.

CONGRESSMAN HAYTARD

No doubt your secret's better kept with you.  
And yet I would be glad to help your cause.

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

'Tis simple story simply told, my friend:  
He took the part of Tom, a negro slave,  
Instead of mine, a white man and akin.

CONGRESSMAN HAYTARD

Of what did this especially consist?

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

I won Tom's handsome wife, a foolish wench.  
When both of us were young and mettled  
steeds.

At her request, I took her to my house  
To serve as maid; her mistress, then alive.  
Old Tom, resenting this, appealed to Lee,  
His boyhood's friend, who took the matter up  
With Colonel Carter, kinsman, sir, of mine,  
And owner of this Tom.

CONGRESSMAN HAYTARD

With what result?

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

The slave was given freedom and the price  
To purchase also freedom for his wife.

CONGRESSMAN HAYTARD

The best success, no doubt, he found in this.

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

Don't be so sure of that! She ran away  
And ne'er was heard of more!

CONGRESSMAN HAYTARD

That ended it?

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

Old Tom believed that I secreted her.

CONGRESSMAN HAYTARD

And this is why you hate Commander Lee?

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

It is. And vengeance will be sweet to me  
Against the man who took this negro's part.

CONGRESSMAN HAYTARD

Of course we work against him secretly?

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

Oh yes! The men who bring our plans to pass  
Must never know the stimulus from us.

Here comes one now, the greatest of them all!

Remember this: Our dealing now must be

With Longstreet, bold, but vain; true, but cold.

Suspicious even of his fastest friends!

Be careful, then, and keep in mind your cue:

He's jealous of the prominence of Lee.

*(Enter General Longstreet alone, who remains standing with folded arms.)*

LONGSTREET

I meet you here, at your request, my friends,  
But trust that you may make your bus'ness  
brief.

As time now presses sore.

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

Ah yes, we'll be most brief—of that be sure—  
As time itself is of the greatest need  
To bring the schemes of Robert Lee to nought.

LONGSTREET

What's up your sleeve, good sir?

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

We hate this Lee!

LONGSTREET

I thought you were his kinsman, sir.

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

I am.

LONGSTREET

But not his friend, I see!

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

Not that, indeed!

LONGSTREET

And why? If I may ask, and not amiss.

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

You may. For many reasons I hate Lee,  
And wish for him a failure of his work.

But most especially I think that he  
Has crossed the wide Potomac bent on schemes  
That surely must undo our Southern cause,  
And bring to nought the plans of better men.

LONGSTREET

Nay, hardly better men.

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

Then, *wiser* men.

LONGSTREET

Ah, that may be! but Lee indeed, is good.

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

Too courteous and kind he is to lead,  
And weighs too carefully the other's side.  
So, all we'll have to do to gain our point  
Is to insist that he shall yield his place  
To Longstreet for his country's greatest good!

LONGSTREET

Don't undervalue Lee! Beneath his mien  
There lurks the force of Gabriel's mighty  
thrust.

He flames not with the garish glow of Mars;  
But wields Minerva's tessellated shield.

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

And yet you see his great unwisdom, sir.

LONGSTREET

I do, in that he goes so far from home,

Like Hannibal, to fight that he may feed.

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

And will you join with us to queer his plans  
So that he'll have to cross to Southern soil?

LONGSTREET

I'll do my duty as I see it best!  
Your proposition, sirs, meant well, it seems,  
Is clothed in language of conspiracy.  
Take my advice and do not further this  
Which might bring trouble great to you and  
yours. *(Exit Longstreet)*

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

New leaven did not have to work, it seems.  
Already's in his mind the older germ.  
Our bidding he'll not do; but yet he'll *do*.  
The same result must follow, as you'll see.

CONGRESSMAN HAYTARD

We'll hope so, friends; but let's beware of Lee!  
Enough of good's within those grayish eyes  
To charm an angel from the skies above  
Or slay the Devil at a single glance.

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

Ha! Ha! You always have your little joke!

CONGRESSMAN HAYTARD

Do not think so! Your error'll cost you dear.

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

Be as it may, advantage we must take  
Of Longstreet's bile, to queer the work of Lee,  
And, causing failure here at Gettysburg,  
Array the South against him everywhere.

(*Exeunt all.*)

## ACT I

### SCENE 3 (Same as 1 and 2)

[Near Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Confederate Camp. Enter Gen. Lee (Commander Confederate forces), with Generals A. P. Hill and Pender.]

GEN. LEE

I'm greatly troubled, friends, and ask your wise advice.

What think you Meade, our Union friend, is doing now?

HILL

I think there's little doubt that Meade will loiter long,

As Hooker did, and wait for Halleck's word to move.

LEE

I'd like you might be right, my friend, and yet  
I fear  
You underestimate the fire and speed of Meade.

PENDER

And think you, sir, that Gen'ral Meade sur-  
passes all  
The leaders sent against this thin gray line of  
ours?

LEE

I said not that! Yet say withal, most brave  
he is,  
And man of temper true, a fighter, first and  
last.

HILL

These words of yours, Commander, make us  
mark the more  
Your wisdom's timely speech about our foe's  
approach.  
You ask suggestion; is it meet that Stuart sent  
With men the same that round McClellan twice  
did ride  
May soon discover where those cordons blue  
are hid?

LEE

These thoughts are good and true, and measure  
well the plan

That shaped itself within my mind some days ago.

Alas! I know not where the gallant Stuart is,  
But know that he annoys the foe inside his  
lines—

Gone far afield, suspecting not we need him  
here.

HILL

In that sad case, we're all kept guessing as to  
Meade!

PENDER

Perchance already Stuart hastes to bring us  
word.

LEE

So great a matter calls for all to act at once  
And nothing leave to chance. (*Ent. Courier*)

What news have you, my friend?

COURIER (*saluting*)

A message, sir, by word of mouth, from  
Gen'ral Heth.

(*Hill and Pender start, and press forward.*)

LEE

And what has Gen'ral Heth to say?

COURIER

His line's attacked

By Buford's men and Reynolds' Corps, near  
Gettysburg.

HILL (*clutching Pender's arm*)

My boy! those troops are ours!

PENDER

I'm glad to say they are!

LEE (*to Courier*)

Change horse and back to Gen'ral Heth at  
once, and say

That he shall yield no ground, but hold till  
afternoon—

That then we'll come to rout the foe and drive  
him back. *(Exit Courier)*

LEE

The fight at last, is on, but not before I thought.

HILL

And think you, sir, it comes too quick for us,  
or no?

LEE

There's that which we must ever strictly guard  
betimes,

Lest lines so thin as ours may quickly bend  
and break

Before onrushing armies, greater far than ours;  
As torrents lately swollen, rush, with angry  
course,

And, running straight ahead, keep sure to chan-  
nel-bed

When only nothing chokes their plunging,  
frothy way,  
So we, with care, must make our plans completely sure  
While no one fails to do the task committed  
him.

GEN. PENDLETON (*Lee's Chief of Artillery*)

Ah, let us hope that Longstreet's stubborn  
neck is bent  
T' obey your will, and march with speed at  
break of day  
To open this, the greatest day of all the war.

LEE

God grant your prayer, my noble Pendleton,  
and we  
Shall win this day for peace, and independence  
too! *(Exeunt Lee and Pendleton)*  
*(Enter General Picket)*

PICKET

What think you of our plans to fight so great  
a force?  
Does Lee, the brave, audacious, wise and tire-  
less Lee,  
Seem now, as Longstreet says, to desp'rately  
risk all  
Upon a single throw of dice, to lose or win?  
Or do you think his plans shall justify the cost?

HILL

Beloved friend, content yourself, and never  
doubt  
That wondrous mind sees clearly how to win  
this fight.  
If we do each his part so planned as by a god,  
Then nought may come but sure success upon  
our cause.

(*Exeunt*)

## ACT I

### SCENE 4 (Same as 1, 2, and 3)

[*Near Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, 5 o'clock afternoon. Enter Generals Lee and Longstreet, accompanied by Long and Pendleton and Major Venable, reconnoitering on horseback.*]

LONGSTREET

It seems to me that Meade is great in force  
And we should risk too much to make attack.

LEE

Our troops have won a glorious vict'ry, sir!  
The victors long to try it out again.

LONGSTREET

Your pardon, sir; but my impression was

We crossed the stream to make defensive war.<sup>1</sup>

LEE

But why should we the broad Potomac cross  
If 'twere our aim to simply make defence?  
We might have done it better nearer home.

LONGSTREET (*petulantly*)

On that condition I agreed to come!

LEE

You did! you say? Were such conditions made?

LONGSTREET

Oh no, there wasn't agreement made with  
words

But my opinion was to that effect.

LEE

That I came here upon your sufferance?

LONGSTREET (*confused*)

Not that precisely, sir, but my opin—

LEE (*severely*)

Opinion, Longstreet, never count as mine  
Except when I agree that it is so!

To-morrow morning's day-break is the time

---

<sup>1</sup>Gen. Longstreet discusses the campaign at great length, and his defence of his conduct fills many pages. In the first place, he tells that when the invasion of Pennsylvania was first broached, he assented to Gen. Lee's plan on the condition that the tactics of the Confederates should be purely defensive.—Henderson, *vide* Jones' *Life and Letters of Lee*, p. 269.

Attacks not now, before George Meade arrives  
With strength so great our plans must surely  
fail<sup>1</sup>

To grasp the victory we saw was ours !  
Our great Jehovah ! grant that hopes and plans  
May not go down disastrously because  
Of one man's stubborn disobedience !  
With Jackson living, diff'rent all would be !<sup>2</sup>  
Oh, God ! send that obedient spirit forth !

(Enter Gen. Long)

LONG (excitedly)

The enemy is massing on the right,  
And soon that ridge will be impregnable !

LEE

It's time that Longstreet moved, as told.  
Sir, go, and see why Longstreet doesn't attack !

(Exit Long)

(Confederate soldiers pass. Evidence of men  
getting into position. Enter General Ewell.)

EWELL

I'm moving 'gainst the right of Mead at once,

---

<sup>1</sup>"Meade and his Second Corps were at Taneytown, Md., when the sun went down on the night of the 1st."—Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, quoted by Jones, p. 254.

"On leaving the Conference of Generals, Gen. Lee had informed Gen. Pendleton, his chief of artillery, that he had ordered Longstreet to attack the enemy early next morning."—Page, p. 331, Robert E. Lee, Man and Soldier.

<sup>2</sup>Gen. Stonewall Jackson had been killed, accidentally, by his own men at Chancellorsville.

When you (take heed!), must lead up all your  
men

Against those people massing slowly there  
On Cemetery Ridge, the very key  
Of this important fight of Gettysburg.

*(Exeunt Lee and Longstreet)*

LONG

About the only fault I find with Lee  
Is his eternal patience with that man!

VENABLE

All true, because there is no heart like Lee's.

PENDLETON

And yet how strange that one of Lee's good  
sense  
And rigid discipline, can be so kind  
With Longstreet, known as brave, though slow  
and vain!

*(Exeunt)*

## ACT I

SCENE 5 (Same as 1, 2, 3, and 4)

[*Near Gettysburg, second day of battle, at day-break, July 2, 1863. Enter General Lee (alone).*]

LEE

How strange it is that Longstreet's splendid  
corps

But where is Longstreet's movement 'gainst the left?

LEE

O, that I can not tell! 'Tis nine o'clock!

He should have moved long since—three hours ago.

(Enter Hood.)

Go, Hood, and stir up Longstreet! Go, at once!

(Exit Hood followed by Lee and Ewell)

## ACT I

SCENE 6. (In woods near Gettysburg)

(Enter Longstreet, on horseback, with General A. P. Hill)

HILL

It's past the time Lee set for us to move!

LONGSTREET

Yes, nearly ten o'clock, instead of six,

But what's the use? I'm sure he'll see his fault.

HILL

It's not for us to plan but execute!

(Enter Gen. Long, his horse in a sweat.)

## LONG TO LONGSTREET

Our chief commands that you move up at once,  
According to his orders given you  
Last night—to move 'gainst Meade at six  
o'clock!

*(Enter Hood, in great haste, showing feeling.)*

## HOOD

It's far past time agreed upon by all  
To fight this battle! Longstreet you'll be  
blamed  
For this delay—this war's worst tragedy!

LONGSTREET (*resentfully*)

Our chief appears too nervous, gentlemen.<sup>1</sup>  
Please say that four o'clock this afternoon  
Will be the shortest time I can be there!

*(Exeunt Longstreet and Hill.)*

## HOOD

Then all is lost! unless our patient chief  
May yet contrive to patch his peerless plans.

*(Exeunt Hood and Long.)*

---

<sup>1</sup>"The General is a little nervous this morning; he wishes me to make the attack. I do not wish to do so without Picket. I never like to go into battle with one boot off."—Said to Gen. Hood by General Longstreet, on the morning of July 2, 1863. Jones' Life and Letters of Robt. E. Lee, p. 271.

## ACT I

SCENE 7. (Same as 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5)

*(Confederate soldiers marching past to the attack.) (Enter Gens. Lee, Long, Picket, Pender, and Heth.)*

LEE

You see, good friends, a battle may depend  
Upon the sad and stubborn will of one.  
The time is past—it's now too late by far  
To drive George Meade from Cemetery Ridge.  
And yet must all go in and help retrieve  
The fearful error Longstreet made this noon.

PICKET

Ah, General, we all do feel, as you  
But not for him and yet for you we'll fight!

HETH

What Picket says, we all affirm, good chief,  
But think that Longstreet's sloth has lost the  
war.

A court, no doubt, should now decide if he  
Must face the firing squad for his delay.

LEE

Oh say not this, my friends! for Longstreet's  
true—  
A brave and noble fighter, courting death

In hottest fight. Not traitorous is he!

HETH

Not that, but disobedient to you.<sup>1</sup>

LEE

Oh, let it go! He's most peculiar.

No gentlemen! We'll let him live and fight.

(*Exit Lee.*)

HETH

I judge our chief has gone to pray for him!

They say he always prays for enemies.

(*Curtain*)

---

1 "It used to be common soon after the war for old Confederate officers to declare that Longstreet should have been shot immediately after the battle, and that Napoleon certainly would have done so. But Lee was cast in a different mould."—Page, 275.

## ACT II.—SCENE 1

Culpeper (Va.) Grove, before the Carter Home-  
stead. (*Mrs. Carter and daughter, Julia  
Ann Carter, seated, listening to story of  
Tom, a giant negro, who stands as he re-  
lates.*)

MRS. CARTER

Now, Tom, be sure to leave no point untouched  
But tell it all,—of how my son and you  
Went through that awful time of Picket's  
charge—

That second day at dreadful Gettysburg.

TOM

Wall, 'taint no use er frettin', 'taint no use  
Ter tell de people's frettin' not ter fret.  
So, w'en yer said dat I mus' go an' see  
How Marser far'd in camp at Gettysburg,  
I up an' went, but all de tents was bare  
Fer all de men had gone into de fight.  
'Twas not fer me ter stay behime de res',  
W'en all had gone but me astandin' dar,  
A-gazin'—lookin' sad at Mistis' face  
W'ch stared f'um out de frame in Marser's  
tent;  
So out I run, ez fas' ez I cud go,

An' caught de crowd befo' de guns commenced.  
Young Marser seed me cum, an' turnin' roun'  
He look'd, I tell yer, like he gwine ter swear.  
He didn't do it, dough, but larfed an' sed,  
"Go back ter Mistis, Tom, she'll need yer soon!"  
An' den he pray'd de Lawd ter keep us safe—  
An' sho' ez yu is bawn, I seed a tear,  
But naw, he didn't cry, but cussed instead.

MRS. CARTER

But did he swear upon the battlefield?

TOM

Now cussin's cussin', pra'r is pra'r I kno',  
An' mixin' ob de two am mighty bad,  
But Marser's cussin's done widout dat Name:  
Jest "darn" an' "debbil"—sometimes "dam"  
an' "hell."

It seem'd so nat'chul den, I larfed an' cried,  
An' den it peer'd his cussin' wuzn't bad,  
Fer in he face I seed de sign ob pra'r!

MRS. CARTER

It pleases me to hear he prayed.

TOM

An' mus' I tell yo' all about dat time  
When Hebb'n an' arth an' all seem'd mighty  
small,  
An' bullets whissel'd parst dese y'ars ob mine,

Like chaff f'um out de thrasher, fas' as hail  
Upon de rufe, in winter w'en it's cole?

JULIA

Yes, dear Tom, be sure to tell it all;  
As harsh as it may seem leave naught untold.

TOM

It frez ma bludd to heer and see dem guns,  
As men wuz fallin' thick an' fas' aroun',  
When sum wuz cussin', sum wuz prayin' hard,  
An' sum was shoutin', sum wuz sayin' nuth'n;  
Er lev'lin guns jes' lak dey's shootin' squirls  
Instid er men, deir ownest brudders' sons.

*(Tom ceases and wipes his eyes with a bandana.)*

MRS. CARTER

Calm yourself, good Tom; let us hear  
How bad it was, and let us hide our tears.

TOM

I nebber see sich goin's on ez den—  
But law! 'twas nuthin' lak de hell dat cum  
Along wid Marser Picket's men, who charged  
Ez ef dar wuz no use er libbin' long,  
An' deth wuz all dat man wuz lookin' fer!  
Whar one wuz kilt befo', now, ten fell daid,

---

Nigh dat stone wall, whar me an' Marser run <sup>1</sup>  
 Into er rain er minnie balls, dat lef'  
 Alive, a man er standin' heer an' dar,  
 Whar onct as menny dozens stood an' fout.  
 Sum off'sers nigh me say'd 'twuz sum mistake  
 Ob orders gib'n by Marser Robert Lee,  
 An' sed we orter stop ter make for sho'.  
 But Marser Picket sed dat Marser Lee  
 Had ordered all de army out ter fite,  
 An' not his littul fo'teen thousan' men  
 Agin' a hunnun thousan' troops ob Meade! <sup>1</sup>

JULIA

I heard that Lee would take the blame;  
 But others know he shields another man.

MRS. CARTER

Continue, Tom; what did Picket then?

TOM

So Marser Picket kep' right on an' run  
 Up at de cannons' moufs dat soun' so loud.  
 Young Marser, he too went, at dat same time,  
 De same ez Marser Picket's udder men.  
 Dey took dem guns, an' turnin' ob 'em roun'

---

<sup>1</sup>"You could wade the Atlantic as easily as he [Picket] unsupported could go beyond that stone wall."—President Benjamin Andrews (Union Soldier), in *Beacon Lights of History*. Vol. XII, p. 337.

<sup>1</sup>From what we can learn, Lee was not responsible for Picket's lack of support.—President Benjamin Andrews, *Beacon Lights of History*, XII, 337.

Den shot at men who onct had shot at dem! <sup>2</sup>  
Dey helt deir groun' until, at las' dey see  
Dat no suppote wuz cummin' up ter dem—  
An' whut's de use ter try ter hole de line  
Agin' so menny thousan's cummin' fas'?  
An' so, ez bes' dey cud, dey den went back  
All ober groun' dey'd cum one time befo'.

MRS. CARTER (*showing signs of faintness*)

My heart! Oh, how it jumps with pride and  
fear!

TOM

It wuz not fur—three-quarters ob a mile—  
But, in de time it tuk fer us ter go,  
Our ranks wuz riddl'd bad by cummin' crowds.  
But, Laws-a-massy me! I seed *him* fall  
Who Mistis sent me heer ter watch an' sabe!—  
Young Marser, peartes' man ob all de men  
I ebber seed, in dis long life ob mine.  
How kin I face my Mistis! how go back  
Widout dat hansum boy a steppin' proud?—  
(*Mrs. Carter utters a scream and is supported  
by Julia.*)

MRS. CARTER (*recovering*)

Go on! Go on! and tell it all to us!

TOM

Dey allus sed dat Tom wuz orful strong,

---

<sup>2</sup>Jones, p. 251.

Ermung de udder niggers dar at home.  
Well, Lawd, it wuz er blessin' dat wuz so !  
I tuk young Marser in dese pow'ful arms,  
An' hug 'im ter my breas', an' fotch 'im off  
(Jes' ez I use' ter hug 'im when he's small,  
An' tole 'im bout de varmints ob de woods.)  
Erlong dat way we all went back agin ;  
But we, young Marser'n I, did not git back !  
Sumhow, I turn' out f'um de reg'lar way  
De udders went ! An' mebbe jes' ez well  
We did not go dat reglar, natchul road.

JULIA (*horrified*)

You did not go among the enemy !

TOM

De Lawd, he kno' de bes' an' do de bes',  
An' leads us whar we doan' inten' ter go !  
I doan' ermember much on dat long road,  
'Cept dis : I wuzn't afeared ob nuthin', now,  
Ef only cud I get dat presshus boy  
Inter he hum, whar Mistis sot an' sot—  
Fer when he's daid it's bes' he be at hum.  
Dat body sho' wuz heaby, marm, fer me ;  
Jes' so, biemby, I res' 'longside er pine,  
An' nigger-lak, I fell ter sleep at onct.

JULIA

And did you have to leave him there, at last ?

TOM

I waked up, feelin' pow'ful bad an' skeert—  
De stars wuz shinin' brite, an' all wuz still  
An' lonesome dar, an' corpses layin' thick  
Eround' dat battle-fiel' not fur erway.

But dat ain' whut I saw dat skeert me mos':  
Whut skeert me mos' wuz Marser settin' up,  
An' lookin strate at me wid shinin' eyes—  
Not sayin' nuthin' 'tall, but jes' er starin',—  
Ez knowin' nuthin' bout jes' whar he wuz.

*(Mrs. Carter and Julia run closer to Tom in anxiety.)*

MRS. CARTER

You did not run away and leave him there!

TOM

Ob cose I did not run—bekase 'twuz him  
Who nebber harm'd me in he life-time here,  
An' so I know'd he wudden't do it den.

MRS. CARTER

Oh, tell me that you brought him safely off!

TOM

Yes, Marm, I did, an' dun it moughty quick!  
But Marser shet dem eyes er his'n again,  
An' den I seed it wuzn't no hant, but Marse  
Himse'f, er livin' still, but mighty weak!  
I tell yer all, I tuk 'im up wid keer,

An' carried 'im ez ef he'd jes' bin bawn—  
On, thru dem lonesum woods, a mile er mo',  
Befo' I seed er lite in frunt ob me,  
An' heer'd er dog er barkin' dolesum-lak.  
I push'd on ter de hous' dat had de lite,  
An' laid my Marser down erpon de po'ch.  
Two wimmen-folks wuz dar er-holdin' lamps,  
Er-lookin' at 'im pitiful an' sad.  
De young-un run an' lean'd rite ober 'im,  
Er-lookin' in dat hansum face so pale.  
An' den she saw a littul woolen string,  
He'd pinn'd erpon he sleeve befo' de fite—  
Jes' er nuthin' Miss, it 'peared ter me,  
But sholy it wuz mighty sad ter her.  
She cried, an' tuk 'is head erpon her arm,  
An' match' dat string wid one she had hers'ef.

JULIA (*smiling*)

Ah, Shirley wrote me, just before the fight  
About a Yankee girl he met up there,  
And told about a zephyr string he found,  
The two dividing it for fun, he said.  
And how romantic, Mother dear, it is!

MRS. CARTER

It is! But let good Tom continue, dear.

TOM

She ordered dat I take 'im in de hous'.

I dun it mighty quick, an' laid 'im down  
Erpon de whites' bed I eber seed.  
(I reckon, too, it wuz de fines' hous'  
Dis nigger eber sot he eyes erpon).  
Dem wimmen suttin wukked on Marser hard  
To bring 'im too again, so he cud lib.  
Ob cose, de boy he cudden' stan' all dat!  
An' so, dem big gray eyes fly open wide,  
An' look rite in de young 'un's blushin' face,  
Befo' she know'd whut he wuz gwine ter do.

JULIA

And do they seem to be so much in love?

TOM

It's not fer me ter tork erbout sich things,  
But I wuz sho' dat bofe ob dem wuz glad.  
An' since dat time dey's growin' gladder yit.  
In sum lan' ploughin's gud, in t'other's bad;  
Wid dem two chillun, f'um de firs', 'twuz gud—  
No miry places, stumps, nor trash, wuz dar,  
But eben furrurs, strate ez dey cud be.  
I lubb'd to set an' heer 'em tork an' larf,  
An' he er-gittin' weller all de time,  
While she's er-gittin' purtier eb'ry day.  
Now when I see my chillun's happy's dat  
I feels my sins all roll so fur erway  
I'm reddy, Lawd, fer y'u ter cum fer me!

JULIA (*bringing a chair close to Tom*)

Oh, Tom, you dear old Tom! how great you are!

A real, true hero! Isn't he mother, dear?  
Has Shirley really lost his heart at last?  
I hope he has! And what's his angel's name?

TOM (*laughing*)

I ain'ter 'lowed ter tell jes' whar he am,  
Fer dat wud bring de sojers on 'im sho!

MRS. CARTER

How may I ever thank you, honest Tom,  
For all you've done for us, in these sad days?  
Had not your Master freed you long ago,  
Most gladly now would I your freedom give.

TOM

Go 'long now, Mistis, doan' yer tork ter me  
Ob freedom! I'se too much dat sorter thing—  
So, please marm, doan' yer gib me any mo'.  
I done fer Marser whut he'd done fer me,  
Ef he had eber seed me needin' 'im.

(*Exit Tom*)

JULIA

Oh, mother, don't you think those people kind  
To take our Shirley in, and treat him thus  
When they are Union people, he not so?

MRS. CARTER (*smiling*)

And is my little girl now thinking too  
Of one who's on that side, and kind to her?

JULIA (*throwing arms about her mother*)

Oh, how can such a mother be a tease?

(Enter James Stanser, a young man, a second  
cousin.)

STANSER

Good morning! cousins two, and have you seen  
Old Tom, the greatest liar born a slave?  
He's back and says that Shirley's still alive.

MRS. CARTER

And why, I pray, accuse old Tom that way?  
I've known him all my life, and found him true.

STANSER

He says he brought your son from off that  
field!

JULIA

And I believe it all, for Tom is good!  
Much braver, too, than many whites I know,  
Who ought to be now fighting for their States.

STANSER

That's *argumentum ad hominem*, Miss——  
In other words, you stress the other thing.  
My conscience keeps me far from ev'ry war,  
But keeps me not from thinking Tom a liar.

MRS. CARTER

I hear, too, Cousin Jim, you don't like Lee,  
And say that he was weak at Gettysburg,—  
So, therefore should give place to some one  
else  
Of more aggressive ways and abler plans.<sup>1</sup>

STANSER

I said just that, believing Longstreet such.

MRS. CARTER (*severely*)

A ripe opinion, based on prejudice!

STANSER

Not so, good cousin, Longstreet said 't himself.

MRS. CARTER

I hear that Longstreet's stubborn pride lost all.

(Enter Gen. Long, a visitor.)

GEN. LONG

You've spoken, Madam, bravely, all the truth!  
I heard, myself, the orders Lee did give  
To Longstreet—orders neither liked nor kept.  
(*The two ladies turn and greet Gen. Long.*)

MRS. CARTER

It's good to hear you, old and valued friend,  
Uphold our Robert Lee, the great and sad,  
Against deceit and stubborn jealousy.

---

<sup>1</sup>Some editors in the South took that position immediately after the battle of Gettysburg.

GEN. LONG

A greatness true as his, its own defence  
Makes clear, to all but to ignoble minds,  
Which batten on the crumbs from Slander's  
board.

(*Turning towards Stanser, who is holding out his hand to shake hands with him.*)

Young man, you say you conscientiously  
Object to fight for freedom, State, and home?  
Permit that I most conscientiously  
Object to shake your conscientious hand!

(*Exeunt Mrs. Carter, Julia, and Gen. Long.*)

STANSER (*walking up and down in meditation*)

What care have I for what the General thinks?  
Advantage is with me if I risk not  
My skin in war, but stay right here at home  
With final aim to win our Julia fair!

(*Enter Ruth, a house servant, mulatto, singing.*)

RUTH

“Tairpin on de tater vine <sup>1</sup>  
Tain’ gwine rain no mo’!  
One eye out an’ tudder bline,  
Tain’ gwine rain no mo’!”

(*Seeing Stanser stops singing*)

---

<sup>1</sup> Negro folk song.

I sho' does hope yu'll 'scuse me, Marser Jim,  
I did'n er seed yer soon's I orter done!

STANSER (*beckoning*)

Here, Ruth, I wish to speak to you about  
Your daddy, Tom. He's not your daddy, Ruth,  
For Tom could not have got so fair a skin  
And brilliant eye, from wife as black as he.

RUTH

I doan' ezactly kno' jes' what yo' mean  
Wid all dem big, high soundin' words, Marse  
Jim.

STANSER

I mean, some white man is your Pap, not Tom.

RUTH

He whupt me bad, one time I tolle him dat,  
I sho' can not fergit dem licks he gib.  
Ma' daddy also sade he cuddent 'dure  
Ter think dat y'u cum here ter tork ter me.  
(*Enter Tom.*)

TOM

Dat gal is tellin' y'u de trufe, Marse Jim.  
I hopes dat y'u'll not projek long er Ruth.  
An' ef yer does, I'll tell my Marser Lee!  
(*Stanser, blazing with anger, advances upon Tom to strike him. Tom catches the blow easily in his large palm.*)

TOM

Yo mussn' do dat, Marse Jim, fer you'd be  
weak  
In pow'ful han's lak mine. I'se free, mersef!

STANSER

You damned black imp! I'll get you lynched  
for this!

TOM (*angrily*)

Yer can't do dat! Yer too unpop'lar heer.  
De fo'kes all say yer 'fraid to go an' fite,  
An' sum's er torkin' now er lynchin' y'u!  
Now lemme tell yer sumpin' mo', Marse Jim,  
Ef Ruth does eber cum ter ha'm f'um y'u,  
Dar's nuthin'll eber sabe yer f'um dese han's!  
(*Stanser slinks back in impotent fury. Exit.*)

TOM (*to Ruth*)

Now, honey, go an' doan' yer ebber tork  
Ter Marser Jim, fer he'll not do ter trus'.  
He skin am white; he hart's ez black ez hell!

RUTH

Oh, laws-a-massy me, ma daddy's mad!

(*Skips out saucily, singing*)

Who bilt de ark?<sup>1</sup>

Noyah! Noyer.

---

<sup>1</sup>Negro folk-song during the Civil War.

Who bilt de ark?

Noyah! ma Lawd!

(Tom shakes his head solemnly. Exit.)

## ACT II

SCENE 2. (Same as Scene 1—at dusk)

(Enter Julia Carter, accompanied by her maid Ruth)

JULIA (reading from letter)

Listen, Ruth, to what my Captain says:

(Reads): "I can't endure this life in camp without

A glimpse of you! I'll come at candle-light."

RUTH

Dat Capt'in Scott, ma honey, sho' am brave!

JULIA

Yes, Ruth, he's brave, yet rather say, he's rash.

RUTH

He lubs yer pow'ful good ter run sich risk.

JULIA

We've loved since first we met, before the war  
Began its horrid course.

RUTH

An' whar y'u meet?

JULIA

At school, in Washington, among good friends.  
Since torn apart by war.

RUTH

Do Mistis know?

JULIA

Not all; but knows I'm really fond of him.

RUTH

Den dat's all rite fer yer ter meet 'im heer;  
I'll stay close by, so's not ter liss'n, but see.

JULIA (*laughing*)

Nay Ruth; but stay to hear and see it all;  
I'd have him at the house, but for the spies.

RUTH (*seriously*)

Dar's one y'u sho' mus' watch fer, mighty  
close.

JULIA

And who is that, so dangerous a foe?

RUTH

It's Marser Jim, who's allus lookin' 'round  
Ter see whut he kin fin' agin de res'.

(*Enter Stanser*)

STANSER

And what have you to hide, you negro wench?

(*To Julia*)

It's late for womenkind to be out here

Where Yankee raiders come and go, betimes.

JULIA (*wrathfully*)

I'd sooner trust the men across the lines  
To guard a woman's rights, than certain men  
Who stay at home, too cowardly to fight!  
And, sir, I'll add to that, your presence here  
Is wholly undesired.

STANSER (*bowing low*)

I'll not intrude  
A moment longer, fair and angry maid!

(*Exit Stanser*)

RUTH (*laughing*)

Yer sho' did gib'm a piece yer min' ma Chile!  
I nebber seed 'im so kerflummex'd yit.

JULIA (*indignantly*)

Of all the men, I hate that man the most!

(*Enter Capt. Scott, in civilian dress, approaching and taking Julia's hand.*)

CAPT. SCOTT

I trust it's not about myself you speak!

JULIA

Rash man! why do you foolishly come here,  
So far across the lines?

CAPT. SCOTT

Beloved one,

My act, though rash, must answer well the  
"why."

JULIA (*smiling*)

'Tis true a maiden oft surmises what  
She'd much prefer her friend would speak  
aloud!

CAPT. SCOTT

For love's own sake, then, Julia, Love, I come!  
(*Kisses her hand.*)

JULIA

And do you really love me, dear, so much?

CAPT. SCOTT

I'll say again, what's ever sweet to say—  
I love you as I do my life, and more!

JULIA

Do you regard the thought that I love you  
Far dearer thought than any thought at all?

CAPT. SCOTT

I do, my own.

JULIA

And will you promise me  
What I in reason ask?

CAPT. SCOTT

I will, my love.

JULIA

Then come not here in dreadful risk again

Until the war shall close its horrid doors.  
Come *then*! My heart shall wait your dear approach.

(Enter negro woman, in terror.)

NEGRO WOMAN

Oh Laws-a-massy me! Dey's fetchin' Tom  
To hang him, somewhar heer, so sez dem men!

JULIA (*listening*)

They come in this direction! Draw aside,  
And be not seen of them!

(*Scott, Julia, Ruth, and Negro woman draw aside.*)

(Enter five masked men, leading Tom bound  
with rope about his neck.)

THE LEADER

We'll hang him here,  
Where Mistress Julia first at morn, shall see  
The lying scoundrel 'gainst her window-pane  
Adance, most gruesome, swinging to and fro.

JULIA (*to Ruth*)

I know the leader's voice!

RUTH

It's Marser Jim's

SECOND LEADER

I like it not to hang him near the house,  
But *what* we do, we must most *quickly* do!

Deserters, such as we, but risk our necks  
In coming from our gloomy hiding place!

LEADER

There is no danger, friend! Lee's far afield.  
We'll hang the nigger here! Make ready all!  
(*Men throw rope over tree-limb and adjust noose.*)

And now, old Tom, you'll learn to threaten me!  
(*Leader strikes Tom.*)

TOM

Marse Jim, de doctors sho' will cut y'u up,  
An' w'en dey does, dey'll fin' yo' livver white!  
(*Leader strikes Tom again*)

JULIA (*advancing*)

I did not dream there was upon the earth  
A man so mean, so cowardly as you!

LEADER

Why lady, cousin mine, it's far too late  
For you to be from home; but just in time  
To see friend Tom adance! Up with him, men!

CAPT. SCOTT (*advancing with drawn pistol*)  
Hands up! Untie that man!  
(*All put up their hands.*)

LEADER

Cousin mine!  
A Yankee lover, 'cross our lines! a spy!

CAPT. SCOTT

Untie that man, and close your dirty lips!

(Leader looks at companions, then hastily unties Tom.)

(Enter Gen. Long, with party of Confederate soldiers.)

GEN. LONG (to Julia)

My fair young hostess, what, I pray, is this Display of torches, masks, new ropes and guns?

I trust no harm has come to you or yours!

JULIA (embarrassed)

No harm has come, dear sir, to me or mine;  
But 'twas our chance to interrupt a crime.

GEN. LONG

It looks as if you'd spoilt a lynching bee.

JULIA

It was just that.

GEN. LONG

And who's the leader there?

JULIA

Our cousin Stanser.

GEN. LONG

Surely not the man  
Who conscientiously objects to fight  
For State and home!

JULIA

The same! It's Cousin Jim.

GEN. LONG (*to Stanser*)

Do you, dear sir, think guns much worse than  
ropes

To use—the one t'oppose invading foes,  
The other, 'gainst a faithful friend and slave?

STANSER (*tearing off mask*)

The negro's not a slave, but free.<sup>1</sup>

JULIA

'Tis true!

My father freed him many years ago.  
A faithful friend and staunch support is he  
To us, in these most tearful days of war!

GEN. LONG

How like our noble Lee! who freed his slaves  
Although it cost him half his property!

STANSER

The negro's bad, and gives his aid to spies!

GEN. LONG

Ah, what is that?

JULIA (*excitedly*)

A false malicious word!

Oh, pardon sirs! but yet my speech is true.

---

<sup>1</sup>The free negro was not regarded highly by a certain class of whites.

GEN. LONG

To prison with these men, and guard them well!

*(Guards busy themselves securing Stanser and other lynchers.)*

GEN. LONG (*to Capt. Scott*)

Whom have we here? By George! it's Kingdon Scott,

A Captain under Meade—my classmate friend, With whom, at old West Point, I had great fun!

*(Long and Scott shakes hands vigorously.)*

It makes me sad to see you here, my friend.

CAPT. SCOTT

'Tis war's ill luck—

STANSER

To be a Yankee spy!

GEN. LONG (*to Stanser*)

You have a case that's all your own, Judge Lynch!

And Lee will hardly look more fav'rably Upon your deed, than on my noble friend's.

*(Exeunt guards with lynchers.)*

GEN. LONG (*to Julia*)

Miss Carter, do you need our further care?

JULIA

In nothing more, except to say good-bye  
To Captain Scott, my friend, whose courtesy,  
Too rash, has brought him into peril sore.

CAPT. SCOTT (*bidding good-bye and kissing her hand*)

Think not of that, my friend! We'll live in  
hope.

GEN. LONG (*kissing Julia's hand*)

I think I see it clearly now! In you  
And me he has good friends. On this we'll  
act.

(*Exeunt Gen. Long and Capt. Scott with sol-  
diers.*)

RUTH (*to Julia, who is weeping*)

Doan' trubble, Chile! It'll all cum rite biemby.  
(*Exeunt Julia, Ruth, and Tom.*)

## ACT II.—SCENE 3

(*Culpeper, Virginia.—Camp of Gen. Lee—Be-  
fore Headquarters' tent. Enter Gen. Wm.  
Pendleton and Gen. A. L. Long.*)

PENDLETON

How's Lee, to-day?

LONG

His fever's much decreased.

PENDLETON

Were he to die, our cause would fall apart!

LONG

Yes, quickly. God forbid that this occur!  
His death's the only danger we've to fear.

PENDLETON

Conditions facing us are bad, friend Long.

LONG

Almost as bad as possible.

PENDLETON

Almost?

LONG

They would be worse, should Lee resign his  
post.

PENDLETON

And do you really think this imminent?

LONG

Not so, because of Lee's self-sacrifice,  
And willingness to bend his mighty neck  
To jealousy and asininity  
Of Civil Pow'r—just for our country's good—  
*(Enter Pres. Davis accompanied by petty  
officer.)*

DAVIS

Your pardon! Do you think so sadly, Long,  
Of Civil Power's exercise, indeed!

LONG

Your Excellency's ear caught words of mine  
Without my own intention—

DAVIS

Think you, Long  
Our greatest chieftain, Lee, has doubtful plans?

LONG

Of that I would not speak, for he is here!

(Enter Gen. Lee)

LEE (*extending hand to Davis and smiling*)

Most welcome to our camp, and yours, dear  
sir and friend!

DAVIS

How fares it with you, General Lee, in these  
sad days?

Your Secretary Long is somewhat hurt it  
seems,

That Civil right, forsooth, too strongly claims  
its own

Against the purely military creed and act.

LEE

The thought of General Long is one with mine,  
dear sir,  
On this most vexed question.

DAVIS

What, our Lee, is that?

LEE

That all our military matters must be kept  
Entirely separated from the Civil Power.

DAVIS

But sir, my right to act is constitutional!

LEE

There is no doubt your Excellency's right ex-  
ists,

But dire necessity compels my urgent plea.

DAVIS

And is the case so bad as that?

*(Enter orderly. Hands paper to Lee who  
reads and nods.)*

LEE

You'll lead them in!

*(Exit orderly)*

*(Hands paper to Davis)*

This Haytard, Congressman, is making here a  
plea

For certain men of prominence condemned to  
die.

I've asked to have them here, where you may  
help decide.

*(Deserter-lynchers, with Jim Stanser, are led in under guard, followed by Congressman Haytard, who shakes hands with Davis and bows to Lee.)*

HAYTARD

I'm pleased that you are here, good Mr. President,

To save us from a grave political mistake.

LEE

And what has such a claim to do with these bad men?

HAYTARD

Just this, that shooting men like these will stir up strife.

LEE

But why rouse strife, my man? And did they not desert?

HAYTARD

They claim to be opposed to bearing arms for war.

DAVIS

Ah, so!

HAYTARD

It's true!

DAVIS

And are they of the Quaker sect?

LEE

Not that!

DAVIS

Nor Menonite?

LEE

No church connection's here;  
It looks as if they make defence upon a fake.

HAYTARD

Their consciences should be enough defence for  
men!

LEE

Not so! For conscience oft is doubtful guide  
for some.

HAYTARD

Still, I contend they're Constitutionally right,  
And on these grounds appeal to Presidential  
power!

DAVIS

Ah, yes, our Lee! Of course it is their privi-  
lege;

The Constitution gives this right to ev'ry one.

LEE

But these were caught as lynchers—in the very  
act!

DAVIS

Ah! that's a matter for the State and not the  
Camp.

LEE (*indignantly*)

It's also matter for the State, and not the  
Camp

That day by day our ragged lines the thinner  
grow.

These other things are also true: our soldiers'  
hope

To hold our lines against the foe must soon  
give way

Except the Civil Power shall stir itself anew

To help us stop desertions, and furnish new  
supplies

Of food and shoes and coats to all our fighting  
men,

Who shiver in the cold because of lack of  
these.

And, too, recruit new men to fill our thinned  
ranks.

DAVIS

But where, our Lee, can other forces still be  
had?

LEE

From many idling whites, but most especially  
From out the hordes of black men serving now  
as slaves.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>Gen. Lee made this proposal to President Davis. (Vide Jones' Life and Letters of Robert Edward Lee)

DAVIS

But never would they fight!

LEE

Indeed, dear sir, they would!

About two hundred thousand on the other side  
Now fight for freedom.

DAVIS

Freedom! Ah, that's your note!

LEE

Of course! Why not? And so should we but  
justly act  
If we would freedom give to ev'ry one of them  
Who'd gladly fight for us.

DAVIS

They might most gladly fight  
And yet I fear that many men who own the  
slaves  
Would *fiercely fight* for what's no doubt their  
property.

LEE

It's strange that they'd refuse this plan and  
run the risk  
Of losing all their slaves and other property.

HAYTARD

It seems to me you're on the verge of treason's  
self!

LEE (*severely*)

And who are you to glibly speak of treason's self?

You, who, while others do the fighting, stay at home?—

Whose clientele are such as these, who shun the field?

HAYTARD

I'd have you know that I'm engaged in Statesman's work.

LEE (*frowning*)

Our Statesmen differ much in ilk and service, sir!

While some, like bees, are toiling for the common good,

Like vampires others suck our country's blood.

HAYTARD

And do you mean, Commander Lee, that I am such?

LEE

I think I've made my exposition clear enough, And so must bid good-day to you!

(*Haytard stands a moment then exit in anger.*)

LONG (*pointing to Stanser and other lynchers*)

Shall these men go?

LEE (*to Davis*)

Your Excellency thinks it best?

DAVIS

Well yes, it's best.

LEE

Then let them go!

*(Prisoners are led out.)*

DAVIS

Oh, Lee! you must not be much hurt  
That now and then I take the part of men like  
these!

In Richmond, I am much beset on ev'ry side,  
And many men are finding fault with both of  
us.

LEE

The die is cast; my day is o'er; my work is  
done;

Amidst the rack and roil and fret of foreign  
tasks

My health is gone. Amid such cares, the fever  
mounts

Too high for clearest thought.

My resignation, sir, I place within your hands.<sup>1</sup>

*(Hands paper to Davis. Davis, Long, and  
Pendleton in consternation.)*

---

<sup>1</sup>Gen. Lee wrote President Davis, after Gettysburg, urging him to accept his resignation. (Vide Jones or any well-known history of Lee. [Author])

DAVIS

No harder blow could strike our cause!

LONG

It's true! It's true!

PENDLETON

Dear sir, keep us from such calamity as this!

LEE

A younger, stronger man would greatly help our cause.

DAVIS

No younger, stronger, other man could take your place.

*(Enter Surgeon General.)*

But see the Surgeon General comes for you!

SURGEON GENERAL

I must insist that General Lee retire at once, And rest, in order that his fever be controlled— Else many weeks this same sick bed shall make its claim!

DAVIS

Oh yes, of course! We've kept him even now too long!

Forgive me, Lee! God grant your quick return to health!

LEE

My friend, you're very kind!

(*To Surgeon General*)

I'm at your service, sir.

(*Exeunt all.*)

(*Curtain*)

## ACT III.—SCENE 1

*(Culpeper, Va., Camp of Lee, Headquarters' tent in foreground. Court-martial sitting in front of tent. Capt. Scott, before the court, accused of being a spy. General Long defending. Among those present, Mrs. Scott, Julia, and Jim Stanser.)*

GEN HILL (*presiding officer*)

The pris'ner, Capt. Kingdon Scott, is charged  
With being in our lines in masquerade,  
Intent on getting military news  
For use of Union forces, near at hand,  
Most prejudicial to our happiness,  
And safety of our plans for our defence.  
Have you an advocate, sir prisoner?

CAPT. SCOTT

I have, your honor, advocate and friend  
In General Long.

GEN. HILL (*presiding officer*)

It couldn't be better, sir!

CAPT. SCOTT

Of that I am convinced.

PRESIDING OFFICER

Let us proceed!

GEN. EWELL (*attorney for court*)

The case is very plain—admitting, sir,  
No doubt for us, nor any hope for him.  
Our General Long, himself, arrested him.  
This Captain, in the act of holding up  
Five men, intent on lynching Tom, a slave.  
The points which constitute him spy, are these:  
The man was armed; he wore civilian clothes;  
And far within our Southern lines was he.  
No other proof is needed nor required.

GEN. LONG

Unfortunately for the cause of truth,  
These things, your honor, can not be denied.  
But here's a case in which the martinet  
Must not edge in to queer the truth and fact.  
A technicality, as point of law,  
Is moral, *when* the truth's not otherwise.  
In this case, sir, I know whereof I speak,  
Scott's innocent of any spying act.

PRESIDING OFFICER

But has the Gen'ral any proof of this?

LONG

I know he came accepted lover-friend  
Of one who's dear to me as child of mine.

PRESIDING OFFICER

How many days was he within our lines?

LONG

An hour or two—so long as he required,  
By rapid riding, 'tween the lines of both.

ATTORNEY FOR COURT

I call Jim Stanser to the witness stand.

PRESIDING OFFICER

Is Stanser here?

STANSER

He is.

PRESIDING OFFICER

Come forward sir!

LONG

I hope your worship'll not permit this man  
To testify before these men of truth!  
He stays from war, on tender conscience' plea  
But he himself is wholly conscienceless.  
While others fight, he walks the wide domain  
And preys upon the fears of timid slaves.  
Why, he's the very man I caught that night,  
Affiliating with deserters, sirs,  
Whom you, yourselves, convicted here, withal!

ATTORNEY FOR COURT

The President, your honor, nullified  
Our finding, freeing all the men from blame!

PRESIDING OFFICER

Although the man is most contemptible,

We'll have t' admit his testimony here.

ATTORNEY FOR COURT (*to Stanser*)

You'll tell the Court just where you first saw  
Scott.

STANSER

The day before he says he left his lines.

ATTORNEY FOR COURT

And where was he?

STANSER

In woods not far away.

ATTORNEY FOR COURT

What doing, sir?

STANSER

Conferring with a black.

ATTORNEY FOR COURT

Where is this negro, sir?

STANSER

He's fled the place—

ATTORNEY FOR COURT

These words, your honor, have the ring of  
truth,

And make the case look bad for Captain Scott.

LONG

Why, Stanser, did you not report this thing?

STANSER

I thought that Scott was but some citizen.

LONG

I'm done with you!

ATTORNEY FOR COURT

You'll stand aside, young man.

LONG

I'll ask Miss Carter's presence on the stand.

PRESIDING OFFICER

And will Miss Carter greatly honor us?

*(Julia advances and takes the oath.)*

LONG

Miss Carter, do you know this man?

JULIA

I do.

LONG

Has he your personal esteem?

JULIA

He has.

LONG

And has he visited your home before?

JULIA

Yes, many times he has, for sev'ral years.

ATTORNEY FOR COURT

And why was it your friend was not received

On this occasion, in your home, as wont?

JULIA

'Twas my own fault! I stopped him on the  
way.

ATTORNEY FOR COURT

And why?

JULIA

I felt that he was risking much,  
And asked that he should cease his visits, sir,  
Until our war should close.

ATTORNEY FOR COURT

Well, that may do.

*(Julia retires to her seat.)*

PRESIDING OFFICER

And do you rest your case here, Gen'ral Long?

LONG

I've nothing more to say, good gentlemen,  
Except to stake our cause upon the truth  
Of my contention, strongly fenced as 'tis  
By word of this fair friend of the accused.  
I trust you'll take the case, and weighing these  
Against a legal technicality,  
Put in your righteous votes acquitting him.

ATTORNEY FOR COURT

A verdict for th' accused, good sirs, is not  
Within the range of possibility,  
In face of such o'erwhelming evidence.

PRESIDING OFFICER

The ballot'll now be taken, gentlemen.

*(The four members of Court hand their ballots to Presiding Officer who notes them and rising speaks.)*

A good and noble officer, of whom  
We've always heard as brave and kindly foe,  
Must pay the price of his most daring act!  
It fills my throat with grief to tell the tale  
And, would to God, disproof were possible  
Of these most dreadful technicalities  
That sends him to his death!

GEN. LONG

Sir, I appeal!

PRESIDING OFFICER

The right is yours, of course, good Gen'ral  
Long.

And 'twere not for the fact the times are bad  
There would be hope, no doubt, of clemency.  
And now, I'll ask of Captain Scott, th' accused  
If he has ought to say.

CAPT. SCOTT

I've nothing sir,  
Except to thank kind friends in sympathy,  
Who know that I, though rash, am innocent.

*(Court adjourns. Prisoner is led away under guard.)*

## ACT III

SCENE 2. (In grove before Carter home.)

(Enter Ruth, Negro maid, who busies herself kindling a small bonfire. Hums to herself the Southern melody of "The Mocking Bird," as she works. Also brings in small table and several chairs. Mrs. Carter and Julia enter, take seats and begin knitting.)

JULIA

How beautiful these bonfires glow these nights,  
Among the trees which cast their shadows high,  
Like unto ghosts which flit and rest close by.  
I don't regret we have no candles now! <sup>1</sup>

RUTH (*looking around apprehensively*)

What dat y'u say 'bout ghoses bein' heer?

JULIA (*laughing*)

Nothing worse than shadows 'mong the leaves.

RUTH

Young Mistis, Marser Stanser's done got loose!  
I thort I orter tell y'u.

JULIA (*startled*)

Stanser free!

---

"Lightwood" (pine rich in turpentine) was used instead of candles, but out of doors on account of its heavy black smoke.—Author.

RUTH

Yess marm! I seed 'm wid dese werry eyes.

MRS. CARTER (*apprehensively*)

Oh, when and where was that bad man about?

RUTH

Dis mawnin', nigh de nigger quarters, marm—

MRS. CARTER

Alone?

RUTH

No marm. Some fin' dress'd gemmen wuz

Er-prowlin' here an' dar wid Marser Jim.

MRS. CARTER

I really am alarmed, oh Julia dear!

JULIA (*contemptuously*)

Don't worry much! He's always been a sneak,

Why change his habits now?

MRS. CARTER

No doubt you're right.

But let's make haste to warn old Tom in time.

(*Rings small table bell.*)

His grudge appears to be against our Tom.

RUTH

No, Mistis! He's er-tryin' hard, rite now,

Ter make de niggers tink dat he's deir frien'—

Eer-doin' dis an' doin' dat fer all!

But he can't 'ceive nobody, speshly me—

It's all jes' fer er bline!

MRS. CARTER

What does he wish?

RUTH

He's arter Mistis Juley. Dats 'is game!

(Enter Tom.)

MRS. CARTER (*alarmed*)

Do you think so good Tom?

TOM (*respectfully*)

Whut's dat yer ax?

MRS. CARTER

That Cousin Jim intends to carry off

Your Mistress here?

JULIA

But Ruth did not mean that!

RUTH

Oh, yessum! Sho' I meaned jes' dat Young  
Miss!

TOM

He may be hyar fer dat—an' maybe not;  
But he ain' gwine ter tetch yer, Mistis, sho',  
While I is hyar, so doan' yer be too skeered!

(Exit Tom.)

JULIA (*sadly*)

Not near so much does that disturb my mind  
As how it fares with him who rashly paid  
A visit here that had the saddest end!

(Enter Jim Stanser.)

STANSER

Upon a precipice of peril stands  
The man of whom you speak—Our Captain  
Scott!

JULIA (*scornfully*)

You speak of this with some elation, sir!

STANSER

Elation? No! For I regret his fate.

MRS. CARTER

Of what is he accused?

STANSER

Of spying ma'am!

MRS. CARTER

Ridiculous! They know he's not a spy.

JULIA

He's nothing more than prisoner of war.

STANSER

He's nothing less, you mean, but something  
more—

Civilian clothing makes the difference!

JULIA

Suppose he did not wear the soldier garb?

STANSER

That fact itself will constitute him spy.

MRS. CARTER

I don't believe our Lee will be deceived  
By such a false, malicious charge as that!

STANSER

Nay, don't count on your Cousin Lee, just now.  
Not only is he ill, but losing grip  
With all the people south of our State,  
With Congress (halls of frivolous debate),  
With Davis (Constitutionally mad!)

JULIA

A high opinion of our government!

STANSER

Not that! I only tell just what it is.

JULIA

And why sir, have you come to tell us this?

STANSER

To speak most plainly, Cousin Julia Ann,  
It is to test your love of Captain Scott!  
And also, brazenly propose to you  
That I will guarantee to clear his name  
Of this most serious and deadly charge,  
If you'll forget his love, accepting mine.

JULIA (*indignantly*)

Your proposition's vile as 'tis unwise!  
The fact that such proposal's possible  
Precludes all love of mine for such as you!  
How could you so bemean us both, dear sir?

STANSER

My love for you is long, while his is brief—

My love has stricken in, while his, just born,  
Is but a puling infant!

JULIA

Qualities

Are necessary for the maiden's love—  
The good, the true, the brave, the kind, the  
great,  
Unselfish, gentle, and considerate!  
Now which of these does your proposal show?

STANSER (*laughing*)

I think my cousin's thoughts a bit too high  
For these prosaic, homespun days of war!  
I do not think that e'en th' angellic Scott  
Inherits or attains to all of these.

JULIA (*rising*)

With your consent we'll cease this interview.

STANSER

Not yet, except you seal the fate of Scott!

JULIA

I'll risk it all! The manly men will act.

STANSER

He'll face the firing squad, Miss Julia Ann,  
And you shall find your place within these  
arms

And not within a Yankee spy's embrace!

(*Stanser advances toward Julia. Mrs. Car-*

*ter rises and stands between them, facing Stanser.)*

MRS. CARTER

Jim Stanser! Shirley Carter's still alive  
He'll terribly avenge his sister's wrong!

STANSER (*faltering*)

Ah, no, old Tom has lied about your son,

(Enter Tom, who advances and regards  
Stanser sternly. Stanser retires slowly.)

I've men within my call; but I'll desist,  
Until another time. But hear young Miss:  
This Negro's time will come ere many days,  
And so shall that of spying Captain Scott.  
And, too, your crime shall be the same as his.  
But you, I'll save just for myself alone!

(Exit Stanser.)

JULIA (*who is embraced in terror by her mother*)

I do not fear the coward's threat, my dear.

Let's now retire. Good Tom will safely guard.

(Exit Mrs. Carter and Julia.)

TOM (*to Ruth*)

You go, an' sleep befo' Miss Juley's doah!<sup>1</sup>

(Exit Ruth)

An' I'll shet up dat hous' mos' tite an' shore.

(Exit Tom)

---

<sup>1</sup>The Negro slave's fidelity was universally attested by all slave owners during our war between the States.

## ACT III

## SCENE 3. (The same.)

(Enter Pick, a small Negro child. He is hurrying away when Tom enters and takes him by the shoulders kindly.)

TOM

Whar yer gwine <sup>1</sup> ma' chile?

PICK

I ain' gwine nowhar.

TOM

Why ain' yer gwine nowhar?

PICK

Kase, I ain' got no place ter be gwine to.

TOM

Whar am yer Mammy, Chile?

PICK (beginning to cry)

My Mammy, she's up ter young Marser Stanser's house.

TOM

Whar yer Pappy?

PICK

He runned away kase Marser Stanser treat 'im so bad.

---

<sup>1</sup>Going.

TOM

How'd he treat 'im so bad?

PICK

He whup 'im on he naked back.

TOM

Whaf'fur he whup 'im?

PICK

He hear'n Pappy sade he wanter be free, lak  
y'u.

TOM (*shaking his head sorrowfully*)

Marser Stanser am a pow'ful mean man!

Did he whup yer Pappy w'ile I'se gone?

PICK

Yassir, he whup 'im two times han' gwine.<sup>2</sup>

TOM

Whaf'fur did he do dat?

PICK

Kase Pappy didn' wan' 'im er comin' ter see  
my Mammy!

TOM (*taking Pick by the hand*)

Cum erlong wid me, ma' Chile!

PICK

Whar yer gwine, Granpap?

TOM

I'se gwine ter see Marser Lee, dat's whar I'se  
gwine,

---

<sup>2</sup>Twice in succession.

An' I wants y'u ter go erlong wid me!

*(Exeunt Tom and Pick.)*

### ACT III

(SCENE 4. (Same as 3.)

*(Enter Congressmen Stanser, Haytard, and Shortway, Messrs. Bungle, Editor Kussum, and Jim Stanser.)*

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

We've reached a turning point in our affairs.  
The time has come for us to think and act.  
I move that Mr. Bungle take the chair——

EDITOR KUSSUM

It gives me pleasure, sir, to second that!  
A man with courage of opinion, sir.

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

Do all agree? There's no objection heard.  
And will you, Mr. Bungle, take the chair?

*(Bungle, taking the presiding seat; first sits, then rises.)*

BUNGLE

Ahem! You do me proud! You do me proud!  
We're all in danger, danger, gentlemen.  
We all must act, must act, must bravely act!

Unless we act, the sun no more will shine  
Above our grassy vales and wooded hills  
The same as yesterday, yesterday.

A man of action, sirs, is now our need !  
I say this, too, without the slightest fear  
Of contradiction, contradiction, sirs.

*(Takes his seat on a log.)*

SHORTWAY

Will someone tell us, please, why we are here ?

BUNGLE

Of course, of course, our Mr. Stanser sir,  
A most distinguished man, who hates Bob Lee,  
And I for one, would be much pleased, much  
pleased

To use my influence sir, to have Lee hanged !

SHORTWAY

Does not the noble chairman still forget,  
To state, explicitly, why we're here ?

BUNGLE

Of course ! Of course ! But Mr. Stanser will  
I'm sure, now state our meeting's object, sir !

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

We've come here, gentlemen, to take some act  
Against the policies of Gen'ral Lee.

SHORTWAY

Please speak in some detail, and let us know

Just what our Gen'ral Lee attempts to do.

EDITOR KUSSUM

One thing, I say right now, he didn't do—  
He didn't take *my* advice just how to wage  
The fight at Gettysburg—a simple plan  
That even a little child could understand.  
And General Longstreet showed a better plan.

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

In answer to your question, sir, Bob Lee  
Has plans, which carried out, must take away  
Our Southern wealth and cherished privilege.

SHORTWAY (*interrupting*)

And would you name a single plan of his!

JIM STANSER

One plan is that our forces concentrate  
Attacking Washington!

SHORTWAY

And what's his thought?

JIM STANSER

He says, that as at present waged, the war  
Has scattered Southern forces far and near,  
And made their lines so thin at ev'ry point  
That no advance is possible for us.

SHORTWAY

And is this true?

JIM STANSER

Indeed I think it is.

SHORTWAY

Then why the deuce are we complaining, sir?

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

To follow such a plan, he'd soon destroy  
Our greatest principle—the rights of States.

SHORTWAY

But think you we can ever whip the North  
Unless we follow some such plan as that!

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

We're counting now upon the Trent affair.

SHORTWAY

A veritable broken reed, I fear!

BUNGLE (*rising*)

Let *me*, let *me*, produce the worst of all—  
This Lee would free our slaves, yes free our  
slaves,  
If they would fight for us, would fight for us!  
I'd like to know what would become of *me*,  
With all my slaves a-fighting, sir, with guns?

SHORTWAY

For *whom* would they be fighting, with their  
guns?

BUNGLE

For whom? No matter sir! That's not the  
thing!

The question is sir, what'd become of *me*?

(Takes seat.)

HAYTARD

The time is fast approaching, gentlemen,  
When England's great Commander will be  
here!

Lord Wolseley, of the British Army, sirs,  
At *my* most earnest invitation given.  
He comes to hear what we intend to say—

(Enter *Lord Wolesley, commander of British armies.*)

BUNGLE

It gives us greatest pleasure, dearest sir,  
To have you here with us distinguished men.

LORD WOLSELEY

You're kind, I'm sure.

BUNGLE

Don't speak of it, my Lord.  
You see, we know you English much desire  
To fight the North about the Trent affair.

WOLSELEY

By Jove!

BUNGLE

Yes, that's the word to use, my Lord!  
Though some in here use stronger words,  
sometimes.

For one, I like the milder ones—don't you?

WOLSELEY

Upon my word! Ah, sir, you flatter me!

BUNGLE

But, coming quickly to the Trent affair,  
I wish to say that Lee's opposed, opposed  
To waiting, sir, to waiting for the North  
To fight you Englishmen, you Englishmen!  
He says the North will send the envoys back,  
Apologize, and that will end it all.

Now sir, we all hate Lee. He's ruining us.  
We'd like for you to say a helpful word—  
A sort of spider in the dumpling, sir,—  
To Davis, Davis sir, against this man!

WOLSELEY

So, on my way to Jericho, I've fall'n  
Among a certain class of pilferers!  
Back there among the thieves, but gold it was.  
But here, it's reputation's nobler loot.  
I've this to say, of Gen'ral Lee, my friend:  
To me he seemed the greatest man with whom  
I e'er conversed—the ablest Gen'ral, too,  
Although with Moltke, shrewd, and Bismarck,  
great,  
I've had some soldier-conversation, sirs.  
Most potently impressed and awed was I

By Lee's inherent greatness.—Surely, men,  
The years can ne'er dispel, nor cause to fade,  
Most cherished recollections, from my life,  
Of Lee—the great, majestic, manly Lee!  
His genial, winning grace affects me still.  
The sweetness of his smile renews its charm  
Through all th' events of rugged soldier-life!  
His greatness made me humble; ne'er felt I  
My own true insignificance, withal  
More keenly than when in his presence great.<sup>1</sup>

(*Exit.*)

(*Curtain*)

---

<sup>1</sup>Almost Lord Wolseley's own words.

## ACT IV—SCENE 1

*(Near Gettysburg, at home of Colonel Scott, of the Union Army. Capt. Shirley Carter, of the Confederate Army, reclining in invalid's wheel chair. Mrs. Scott is knitting. Peggy, her daughter, is reading aloud.)*

PEGGY *(laying down her book)*

How tame do all the books now seem to me!  
When great events, so real and close at hand  
Are taking place.

MRS. SCOTT

Alas! how true and sad!  
And yet it gives us rest from dread alarms  
And helps forget the awful risks of son  
And husband dear, upon those battle-fields  
Out there, where Captain Carter fought and  
fell,  
Confederate guest here in our Union home,  
And whom we pitied first, then learned to like,  
Though on the other side in this sad war.

CAPT. CARTER

Ah, Madam, never can I well repay,  
Nor e'er forget what both of you have done  
To lure me back from death's cold clammy  
verge,

Amidst the warmth and kindly care of home !  
Both mother brave, and Julia would rejoice  
To know that God has placed me in such care.

PEGGY (*archly*)

'Twas Julia's name you most did call upon  
When fever-tossed you spoke of love and  
home !

CAPT. CARTER

No doubt, for she and I are one in heart.

PEGGY (*confused*)

You must indeed rejoice in Julia's love—  
For your delirium was most enslaved !

CAPT. CARTER

How glad I am to know that it was so ;  
To tell her this will please her, I am sure.

PEGGY (*laughingly*)

Oh, think you so, my dear, conceited friend ?

CAPT. CARTER (*surprised*)

Why not ? We pleasure those we love the most,  
By nature's language speaking out the heart.

PEGGY

And is it true there's no conceit in love ?

CAPT. CARTER

I'm not expert, yet think conceit in love  
Is self-conceit—there, one and one makes one.

MRS. CARTER (*rising to go*)

How wise are both in talk of love's conceit !  
I've had my lesson hitherto, my dears,  
And leave you two to fight it out.

PEGGY (*laughing*)

Oh, ma'am,  
You really are, sometimes, impossible !

(*Exit Mrs. Carter*)

PEGGY (*rising and pouring medicine in glass,  
hands it to Capt. Carter and continues*)

And now, my Captain brave, I'll give you dose  
Which all conceit shall take from you—at least  
While gentle sleep diffuses o'er your frame.

CAPT. CARTER (*holding glass*)

Nay, put me not to sleep with Morphic dose  
And waken me with that which fires your eyes !  
Too soon I speak, perhaps, yet must I not  
Postpone what now my heart demands I speak.

PEGGY (*agitated*)

Oh don't say that, for I am sure your words  
Would not please much fair Julia of your  
dreams.

(*Enter Mrs. Scott, excitedly*)

MRS. SCOTT

Come, Peg, your father's here with visitors !  
Both he and General Meade have ridden up,

And now are at our door. I fear me much,  
Our Captain Carter's presence shall be known!

PEGGY (*alarmed*)

Oh, mother, he belongs to us! We'll hide  
Him from their eyes! We brought him back  
from death!

CAPT. CARTER

Ah, don't do that! It may bring harm to you!  
I must insist you make it known at once!

(*Exeunt Mrs. Scott and Peggy—the latter  
pushing invalided Captain in wheel-chair.*)

(*Enter Col. Scott, Gen. Geo. C. Meade, Fed-  
eral Commander at Gettysburg; and Gen.  
Hunter.*)

GEN. MEADE

Well, Colonel Scott, your home was left un-  
touched  
By Lee's stout lines.

COL. SCOTT

Except for some supplies  
Most badly needed, naught was taken else.

GEN. MEADE

I hear that what they needed most was shoes.  
No doubt! They fight much better than they  
march.

COL. SCOTT

You're right, for wife said General Heth said that.

GEN. MEADE

And was their conduct toward our women good?

COL. SCOTT

Most excellent, despite the fact that some Began at first to commandeer hot meals.

GEN. MEADE

And why did they desist? Or, did they so?

*(Enter Mrs. Scott and Peggy.)*

COL. SCOTT

Ah, here is Mistress Scott and Saucy Peg,  
Who've much to say about the courteous Heth.

GEN. MEADE

But not until I've greeted Mistress Scott,  
And fairest Peggy, grown beyond my ken!

*(Shakes hands with ladies)*

MRS. SCOTT

We greet the gallant Meade, of Gettysburg!

GEN. MEADE (*seriously*)

Ah, say not so! for General Halleck thinks <sup>1</sup>  
We did but poorly there upon that field!

---

<sup>1</sup>Halleck criticised Gen. Meade severely. (Author)

MRS. SCOTT

And was it not a victory for us?

GEN. MEADE

A victory for us in this respect—

Though *we* didn't win, *Bob Lee* the battle lost!  
Though Washington was saved, we conquered  
not!

Though not beyond the fi'ry galling lines  
Of Cemetery Ridge the grayish hosts  
Advanced their charging ranks, yet, ably they  
Recrossed the broad Potomac whence they  
came.

But tell us, hostess fair, if Heth's bad men  
Got on your nerves in asking meals of you?

MRS. SCOTT

Not long, for General Heth, at my complaint,  
Threw some in jail, and to the rest he read,  
From Lee himself, commands forbidding such,  
Exhorting all to act as gentlemen.<sup>2</sup>

GEN. MEADE

How like to Lee! the noblest of them all!  
No devastated homes e'er mark his march.  
But how unlike his fellow Virginian here,  
Our General Hunter, famous for his raids.

---

<sup>2</sup>General order of Lee.

GEN. HUNTER

But don't you think that policy the best—  
To burn in raids and terrify our foe?

GEN. MEADE

Such acts but bring reprisals, sore and sad,  
Wherein not men, but women, suffer most.

PEGGY (*approaching and laying her hand gently on Gen. Meade's arm*)

How grand and noble, sir! How proud are we  
That those who lead, respect the weak at home!  
We can not fight, but only weep and pray.

GEN. MEADE (*taking Peggy's hand and kissing it in courtly way*)

Not weak, my dear, but strong, inspiring all  
Who take the ardent field and live in camps.

(*Exeunt*)

## ACT IV

SCENE 2. (Confederate Camp, before Lee's

tent; guard walking up and down.)

(Enter Tom, hat in hand, accompanied by Pick.  
*Approaches guard.*)

GUARD

What seek you, old man?

TOM

I'd like ter see Marser Lee, if yer mought  
Please ter 'low me ter do dat, sur.

GUARD

Wait here a moment. (*Goes into the tent and returns immediately, beckoning to Tom, who enters the tent with Pick.*)

GUARD

I wonder what he wants! They all run to General Lee about anything and everything, and he never refuses to see them.

Lord knows, he has troubles enough!

(*Enter Lee from tent, accompanied by Tom and Pick.*)

LEE (*shaking hands with Tom*)

Good-bye, friend Tom! I'm glad you came to me.

Be sure I'll do whate'er I can to bring Full justice to that man!

TOM (*about to leave*)

I thankee, sur!

LEE (*advancing and again shaking Tom's hand*)

Old Tom, good friend, and boyhood's playmate true,<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>The child of the slave-owner played with the child of the slave, and there was a genuine affection between them.

Throughout the old plantation's fields and  
woods,  
I speak to you to-day as man to man.  
So now go home, old friend ; I'll take good care  
That justice shall be done against your foe.

(*Exeunt Tom and Pick*)

No sympathy with slavery have I ;  
Long since I freed all slaves I held as mine,  
And would the millions free, had I all these.  
But blame is not alone upon the South  
For bondage of our fellow-creatures here ;  
Americans must share alike the fault  
Of trade for gold in human flesh and blood !  
Although, please God, the South shall win its  
fight,  
Yet Slavery, as a system, can not last.  
And, on the other hand, if Federal troops  
Do cover all this land like forest leaves  
Bestrew themselves at frost's first bite in Fall,  
Then, too, the slave no more shall sadly croon  
His mournful plaint above his evening fire ;  
But sing, instead, his first glad freedom's song !

(*Exit*)

## ACT IV

(SCENE 3. (Same as preceding.)

(Campfire. Evening. Sentries.)

(Enter Gen. Hill (*Presiding Officer of the Court Martial*) and Gen. Long)

LONG

A man that's innocent goes to his death!

My friend, this Captain Kingdon Scott, must die.

HILL

How close is death to life—the bad to good!

LONG

How far is mediate truth from that we know  
To be a truth immediate to the heart!

HILL

Regard for this had made me *nolle pros*  
This whole affair, and let the captain go,  
Except the proof's so really clear and strong  
'Twould be a legal crime.

(Enter Gen. Lee from tent.)

LEE

You're welcome, both!

HILL

We thank you, sir! We come on saddest call.

(Hands Lee verdict of Court-martial)

LEE

It's sad indeed! And yet it is but just  
That sad necessities of war be met.

LONG

I would you might be lenient, Gen'ral Lee!

LEE

Why does my Secretary thus appeal?

LONG

I don't believe the man is guilty, sir.

LEE

And have you proof of this?

LONG

Alas! not so.

LEE

Your heart is tender, friend, and so is mine,  
Upon this case most sad of Captain Scott.  
I knew his father well; a soldier true.  
His son, I hear, is much his sort of man.

(*To Hill*)

What think you of the case, kind Gen'ral Hill?

HILL (*sadly*)

The facts all go to prove his guilt.

LEE

Alas!

My friend and Secretary, Gen'ral Long,  
It cuts me to the heart to answer "No."  
Still, had I but the slend'rest thread of proof,

To hang an act of clemency upon,  
My answer'd be the gladdest "Yes," instead.

*(Exit Lee within tent)*

HILL

'Tis discipline which strikes sledge-hammer  
blows  
Upon the heart that's tender as a girl's!  
Yet discipline is master of his life.

*(Enter Julia Carter)*

JULIA

Oh, where is Gen'ral Lee?

*(Enter Lee from tent)*

LEE

I'm here my child!

What brings you, so intent, at this late hour?

JULIA

Dear sir, it is about the man condemned.

LEE

Speak out, if but you may advantage him!

JULIA

Despite the fact I count these others friends,  
Dear Gen'ral, I would speak with you alone!

*(Exeunt Gens. Long and Hill)*

LEE

Speak out, my little friend, and do not fear.

JULIA

To me you are the most revered and feared

Of all our noble Southern leaders, sir !  
And yet I'm told I should not be afraid  
Of those who are themselves courageous.  
What Priam's noble son once meant to Troy,  
This you have meant to me from childhood's  
days.

My father, who was of your mother's blood,  
Taught me, at lisping time, to honor well  
The manly names of Washington and Lee.  
Since then, I've joined the two in reverence.  
The one who taught me in my infant days  
Gave up his life near Bull Run's red'ning  
flood.

My brother, wounded sore at Gettysburg,  
Yet lies a pris'ner of the gallant Meade.  
But, since these most unhappy days set in,  
Old Tom, a former slave, a noble black,  
Has shielded us from hateful Cousin Jim,  
Who fears Tom's arm, sir, as he does the  
front.

Jim Stanser, too, who's playing such a part  
Against this Captain Scott, whose love is mine  
(We having been affianced sev'ral months  
Before our country stood apart in war),  
Jim Stanser, zealous in his suit of me,  
Now seeks the consummation of his plans  
By ruining him, perchance, most in his way.

His story, that he saw brave Captain Scott  
The day before my friend, at pistol point,  
Held Stanser and the four deserters up,  
Is falsified by letter I possess  
From Captain Scott. Which letter clearly  
proves

The day the Captain saw me at my home  
Was same as that he left the Union camp.  
The missive should have been produced before;  
But madien modesty forbade that I  
Expose in open court the lover's vows,  
Intended only for the maiden's eyes—  
And other words most evidential, sir,  
That I, myself, had yielded promise too  
Of marriage vows, when this sad war is o'er.

*(Hands letter to Lee)*

LEE (*reading letter*)

My child, your story'd be a healing balm <sup>1</sup>  
To this old war-enduring heart of mine,  
If but it did contain the proof you claim.  
Beyond the finding wise of any court  
Is simple story coming from the heart,  
If but that heart speaks for itself alone;  
But when it speaks a lover's weal to woo,  
And trusts itself to what that other says,

---

<sup>1</sup>Gen. Lee was notably the friend of young people of both sexes.

Then complicate it must become to us,  
Suggesting lures against discovery.

JULIA (*in tears*)

But sir, I know he came here not to spy!

LEE

No doubt he's true, and good, and noble, too.  
So man with maid will do the honorable,  
And yet, though steeped in maiden's deepest  
love,  
Will still dissemble for his country's weal.

JULIA

And can you not, sir, give me any hope?

LEE

Not hope too fervent, Dear, but this I'll say;  
I'll sift the matter out with deepest care,  
And thought, and prayer, until the fatal hour.  
Oh war! Oh war! When shall it ever end.<sup>2</sup>

JULIA (*in sorrow*)

But don't you think that peace must sometime  
come?

LEE

Oh, yes. For come it must, in God's own time,  
When men have settled questions on the field  
Which should have passed in legislative halls.

(*Exit Lee*)

---

<sup>2</sup>He spent actually thirty years as an active soldier—25 years for the Federal Government. Gen. Winfield Scott was his chief much of this time.

## ACT IV

SCENE 4. (Same as preceding.)

*(Julia, hurrying away, is met by Jim Stanser entering.)*

JIM STANSER

Please stop a moment, Cousin Julia Ann!

JULIA

I'm hurried, sir, and wish no word with you!

JIM STANSER

My word has life and death contained in it!

JULIA

Is't only repetition of your suit?

JIM STANSER

But now, I plead upon a certainty!

JULIA

Ah, what?

JIM STANSER

That Scott is surely going to die!

JULIA

'Tis false, for Lee, himself, knows not as yet!

JIM STANSER

But others know what Lee himself does not.

JULIA

Pray, what?

JIM STANSER

The President says Scott shall die.

JULIA

But Gen'ral Lee is the Commander, sir!

JIM STANSER

He is; but Davis, as the President,  
Outranks, as Chief, your great Commander,  
Miss!

JULIA

But Lee and Davis, sir, are still great friends.

JIM STANSER

Ah, that is all the worse for Captain Scott.

JULIA

The worse?

JIM STANSER

I mean the worse.

JULIA

But how the worse?

JIM STANSER

For months your Lee has pled that every one  
Convicted of a crime shall meet his fate,  
So, that his army may be heartened up,  
The President has granted this to him.

JULIA

Alas, that such should be the case just now!

JIM STANSER

You know the remedy!

JULIA

Don't say it, sir!

JIM STANSER

If you will marry me, then Scott shall live!

JULIA

What pow'r have you that's greater than all  
else?

JIM STANSER

My father and the Haytard clique control  
The President!

JULIA

The latter loves our Lee!

JIM STANSER

As said before, that 'makes it worse for Scott.

JULIA

We'll end this talk!

*(Starts off; Stanser confronts her.)*

JIM STANSER

And shall your lover die?

JULIA

He shall, if life's conditioned on your will.

JIM STANSER

I thought you loved him much!

JULIA

And so I do!

JIM STANSER

Then why become his executioner?

JULIA

His body, death shall suffer by my act,  
But yet, his soul shall live exhilarant  
In thought that rather I preferred he'd die  
Than prostitute the love I had for him.

JIM STANSER

Oh bosh! Then he shall die!

JULIA

If that's the price!

*(Exit Julia)*

JIM STANSER

The girl is of the real heroic sort,  
And means just what she says.  
The flashing of her brave and honest eyes  
(Like lightning from the Summer's bluest  
heav'n)  
Startles me with the trueness of their aim.  
But I'll subdue and bow that valiant head!

*(Exit Jim Stanser)*

## ACT IV

SCENE 5. (Same as preceding)

(Enter Lee and Hill)

LEE

Ah sir, I'm pained at what I'm going to do,  
In this sad case of Captain Kingdon Scott!

HILL

I'm sorry for this man and all concerned,  
But see no other outlet than his death.

LEE

Yes, so it seems. I've just reviewed the case.

HILL

It's girt about with plainest evidence.

LEE

My heart says no; but discipline says yes.

HILL

You've been a Duty-man, Commander Lee.

LEE

A bitter master has it been to me,  
And yet, there's joy in doing duty, sir!<sup>1</sup>

(Enter President Davis)

DAVIS

Well, Lee, despite the fact that we've agreed

---

<sup>1</sup>Despite his great gentleness, Lee was firmness itself in the matter of military discipline. All authorities agree as to this.

To back Court-Martial findings, once they're  
made,  
A silly rumor says that you intend  
To pardon Captain Scott.

LEE

It is not true!  
The rumor is not based upon a fact!

DAVIS

About this matter, Bungle's coming here,  
Accomp'nied by two friends of *his*, not *yours*—  
The Stanser-Haytard combination, sir.

LEE

The last are dang'rous men; the first, who's  
rich,  
And owns so many slaves, is but a man  
Of simple mind and selfish purposes.

DAVIS

In other words, a fool!

LEE

Yes, a fool!

(Enter Bungle, Haytard, and the two Stansers)

BUNGLE (*shaking hands with Davis*)

I'm glad to see you, Mr. President!

I'm glad to see you, sir, to see you, sir!

You've met these friends, I'm sure, beyond a  
doubt.

DAVIS (*coolly ignoring Haytard and the Stansers*)

I 'll ask you to be brief in what you say !

BUNGLE (*confused*)

Of course ! Of course ! You see it's like to this :  
Ahem ! These Stansers here, and Haytard, too  
(Three finer men I've never met before)  
Have asked me to protest to you, to you,  
That Gen'ral Lee's about to pardon spies.  
Real spies, sir ! Think of it ! Real spies, sir !  
Spies !

JIM STANSER

You mean but one !

BUNGLE

*Of course, not spies, but spy !*

DAVIS

No more of this ! You'll drop that subject now !  
You have not part or parcel in this thing.  
It's matter, sir, for military men !

(Enter Lord Wolseley. Bungle, Haytard,  
and Stansers draw aside.)

Lord Wolseley, as I live ! You're welcome, sir !

LORD WOLSELEY

Ah, Gen'ral Lee—and Mr. Davis, too !  
A lucky dog I am to see you both.  
About to sail for England, soon, you know.

And so came by for just a word with you!

*(Shake hands with Lee and Davis.)*

LEE

We're always glad to shake your hand, my friend!

DAVIS

My Lord, I trust your stay's been pleasant here!

WOLSELEY

Oh yes, except a droll experience.

DAVIS

And what was that?

WOLSELEY

Oh just a little "meet"

Of some conspirators against your Lee—

You know the scoundrels were so awf'ly mixed

They could not tell just what they had in mind,

And prated much about the Trent affair!

*(Seeing Bungle, Haytard, and the Stansers)*

Why, 'pon my soul! but have those men come here!

HAYTARD

You damned aristocrat!

LEE (*to Guard*)

Arrest this man!

HAYTARD

It is not lawful! I'm a Congressman.

*(Haytard is arrested by Guard)*

LEE

You'll put the man in irons! Take him out!

*(Haytard is led out under guard)*

*(Enter Julia and Tom. Gentlemen uncover and bow in acknowledgment of her presence)*

JULIA *(courtseying)*

I've come with Tom, who says he has good news.

I'll ask you let me stay.

LEE

Of course you may.

*(Tom hands Gen. Lee a letter. Exit Tom, followed by Jim Stanser)*

LEE *(reading letter)*

This letter's just receiv'd from Gen'ral Meade;  
With one from Captain Shirley Carter, too.  
Meade tells of trait'rous letters had by him  
From Haytard, boasting he's a Congressman,  
And ready for a price, to lead him here.

The Stansers wrote, as friends, endorsing him.

*(A shot is heard in the vicinity)*

LEE (*appearing anxious*)

What shot is that! Go, see about it, Long!

(*Gen. Long hastens out*)

I noted that young Stanser followed Tom,  
And fear the Negro's come to mortal harm.

(*Enter Pick, running*)

PICK

Young Marser Stanser's done shot Granpap  
Tom!

(*Enter Gen. Long, accompanied by several soldiers, bringing in Jim Stanser as prisoner.*)

LEE

Jim Stanser, as I feared! But what's his crime?

LONG

He shot the Negro Tom unto his death!

LEE (*to Jim Stanser*)

Why did you this?

JIM STANSER

The scoundrel interfered.

LEE

He interfered in what?

JIM STANSER

My business!

LEE

I understand! You ruined his daughter, sir!  
And so, the *father's* sin has found its way

Into the *son's* own wicked heart and life!  
Alas! alas! my friend in black is gone!  
I never knew a better man than he.  
Though dark his skin as Egypt's fabled night,  
As clear his conscience as the sunlit day!  
He stood so close to right, so far from wrong,  
I knew it privilege to call him friend.  
No vengeance will be taken for his death;  
But justice shall be done against the crime,  
Or take from me the name my father gave,  
And let me wander, weak, with debt unpaid  
To him who in his simple way did work  
As tireless as the stars for others' good!

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

And say you, sir, my son shall pay the price  
Of life for life, for this vile former slave?

LEE

I mean just that, except the epithet.

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

On whose authority?

LEE

On mine.

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

On yours?

LEE

Assuredly, he's prisoner of mine.

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

He's only yours on civil sufferance.  
The State, and not the Military, wills  
Which citizen shall die and which shall not.

LEE

The principle you state, but err in this:  
Your son is not a civil prisoner.

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

And why?

LEE

Conspiring with the foe against our camp,  
He forfeits all his rights as citizen.

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

But sir, this black stirred up the other blacks,  
And always was insulting to my son!

LEE

There was no humbler man upon the earth.  
He tried to save your son from vilest crime.

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

I do not apprehend; be clearer, please.

LEE

The Negress, sir, with whom your son did live,  
Was child of yours by former wife of Tom.

JIM STANSER

Oh, God! not that! Sir, what is that you say?

LEE

Just that, indeed! Half sister to yourself!

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

And where'd you learn this most unlikely tale?

LEE

The truth's from Tom. I promised I would  
help

Defend his happiness against the son

As 'gainst the father many years ago.

Alas! that bullet sped its way too soon!

What's left shall be to see stern justice done!

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

And think you, sir, the Negro has a soul?

LEE

Of course! But what has that to do with this?

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

Oh, much, I argue, sir!

LEE

And what is that?

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

Ethnologists do here and there assert  
The Negro's but a soulless animal—  
Which would exclude responsibility  
For deed which else would heinous murder be.

LEE

Ah, stay that insincere and foolish theme!

Not one in all the Southland thinks its true.

Enough! young Stanser's held for murder here.

CONGRESSMAN STANSER

Against such rash invasion of the right  
Of citizens of this, a sov'reign State  
I make appeal!

LEE (*to Davis*)

The President will surely apprehend  
This matter must and shall belong to me!

DAVIS

But, sir, you would abide by what I say?

LEE

Oh, yes, while still commander of this force,  
But please do mark it well, my friend and chief,  
The army must have its will in this,  
And Stanser dies, if guilty of this crime!

JIM STANSER (*advancing*)

From Hatred's tawny, gaunt, and shaggy  
breasts

I sucked the fleshy, clotted milk of vice,  
And felt the venom permeate my soul  
To build a tissue fat with nought but sin;  
But still I had no thought of mating kin,  
From which e'en I, sir, would have shrunk in  
pain!

LEE

Ah, sin secretes a slime in which men slip

To further sin, and on to coarser crime.

*(Enter Courier with letter, which he hands to Gen. Lee, who reads it and says:)*

LEE

This note's from General Meade. His party comes

With flag of truce, and kindly asks that they May meet us here. They may! Direct them Long!

*(Exit Gen. Long)*

LEE *(to Guard)*

Arrest these Stancers, Guard, and Bungle, too, Keep them and Haytard under strongest bonds!

*(The men are led out by guards)*

WOLSELEY

By Jove!

DAVIS

Intensely int'resting, dear sir.

*(Enter Gen. Long with Gen. Meade and Col. Scott, of the Union Army, also Capt. Shirley Carter, of the Confederate Army, and Peggy Scott. Lee, Davis, and Wolseley shake hands with party. Capt. Carter embraces Julia.)*

LEE

Two more are needed—Mistress Carter, sirs.

And Captain Scott—

LONG

Gen'ral they are here.

*(Enter Mrs. Carter and Captain Scott. The former embraces her son; the latter embraces his sister, Peggy.)*

GEN. MEADE

We've broken in upon you, Gen'ral Lee!  
Most noble friend of former, happy years.  
Great principles have torn us far apart,  
And now we come, sir, not for woe but weal.  
We bring this splendid Captain Carter back,  
Exchanging kind for kind in Captain Scott.

LEE

We're more than glad to make this fine exchange,  
As like for like is robbery of none.  
And here we'll find it both's advantage, George!  
I would that we might end alarms of war,  
And bid them dwell fore'er in amity!  
But principles are stronger, sir, than men,  
And drag us after them 'spite friendship's  
wish—  
In union, *you* find truth, in freedom, *I*.  
How strange men are, good friends and gentlemen!  
That fight for sep'rate principles, and yet  
These principles are from a common source:

In *union* there is *freedom* of the parts,  
For *union* must of units be contained.  
And, on the other hand, all *freedom's* based  
Entirely on substantial *union's* life,  
Or else, sad anarchy must intervene  
To wreck our *freedom*—else, impossible!  
For, if the South, sirs, does its *freedom* gain,  
There must be *union* still behind its States.  
Or, if the North maintains our former shape,  
Still must our *States* have *freedom* 'mong  
themselves.

DAVIS

Our Lee, you've stated what's upon our minds!

MEADE

Most truly! And its answer should be peace!

*(Curtain)*

## EPILOGUE

## ACT V.—SCENE 1

*(Appomattox, Va., immediately after Lee's surrender. Church in background. Gen. Grant's Headquarters. Gen. Grant seated before his tent, smoking cigar. Sentries in evidence in background. Enter Vice-President Andrew Johnson. He and Grant shake hands.)*

JOHNSON

Well, Gen'ral Grant, I greatly envy you  
Your goal of peace and high success in war!

GRANT

I'm greatly pleased that peace has come at last.

JOHNSON

And such a victory, just think of that!

GRANT

Oh, yes, the South's exhausted, root and  
branch.

JOHNSON

And has the coward rebel spirit gone?

GRANT

This war, though bravely won, was bravely  
lost.

I've naught to say against my former foe!

JOHNSON

And yet I think they should have suffered more  
For holding out so long.

GRANT

I do not share  
Your active bitterness against these men.

JOHNSON (*excited*)

Yes, that I saw from your most lib'ral terms  
To all the rebel officers and men !

GRANT

Ah, did you note that, sir? I'm glad you did,  
As 'twas my purpose *all* should see and hear  
That peace had come, and those who fought it  
out

On bloodiest fields of all the wars of time,  
Had left no latent rancor in their hearts  
To slash apart a re-united land.

JOHNSON

I understand you did not take Lee's sword.

GRANT

And why should I deprive him of a sword  
He always bore humanely, bravely, well,  
As stainless as Excalibur?

JOHNSON (*excited*)

Oh fie!  
That rebel sword was but a traitor's sword!

GRANT (*frowning*)

'Tis passion, sir, which colors all your thought;  
Which centers somewhat 'gainst our Lincoln,  
too!

JOHNSON

I'll have you understand our greater North  
Has hatred for your magnanimity  
As well as Lincoln's pussy-footing way!

GRANT

That cannot be!

JOHNSON

And yet, dear sir, it's true.

GRANT

Again, I don't believe you speak the truth.

JOHNSON (*excited*)

In other words, I lie!

GRANT (*calmly*)

You so infer.

JOHNSON (*about to leave*)

Now Grant, both you and Lincoln understand  
I'll test this matter out before the North,  
And strive that Lee may die a traitor's death!

GRANT

Well, Johnson, let me say before you go:  
I fought four years to reunite this land,  
Which now you seek, with others, to disrupt.

And this disruption's worse than treason, sir!

*(Johnson exit in a huff)*

*(Enter President Lincoln)*

LINCOLN

Why, hello, Gen'ral Grant! Is Johnson mad?

GRANT *(smiling)*

He seemed quite so.

LINCOLN

And are you much disturbed?

GRANT

I'm not.

LINCOLN

His change of front, sir, puzzles me.

GRANT

Not me.

LINCOLN

He used to be most lenient,

But now he calls for vengeful tyrant's heel

Instead of brother's hand in helpful grasp!

GRANT

He's but a politician, after all,

And seeks emolument by fi'ry talk

Among a corp'ral's guard of maddened men.

LINCOLN *(sadly)*

Ah, this shall stir again the people's blood,

So recently becalmed by you and Lee,

To whet the vengeful knives upon each side,  
And load the gun within fanatic's hand !

GRANT (*placing his hand upon Lincoln's shoulder*)  
Both you and I will head this vengeance off !

LINCOLN

Ah, not until much harm is done, dear friend !

GRANT

But cheer up now, and promise me you'll stay  
And grace a wedding which we have on hand !  
Young Colonel Kingdon Scott, of whom you  
know,  
And Colonel Carter, brave Confederate,  
Will marry, each the sister, sir, of each.

LINCOLN (*delighted*)

Well, this is surely great ! and typical  
Of better times, when North and South shall  
join

Their hearts and hands in lasting unity !

GRANT

And will you stay ?

LINCOLN (*smiling*)

Impossible, just now !

But thank you, Grant ! the thing has cheered  
me up !

Be sure to give my blessings to the brides !

(*Exit Lincoln*)

GRANT

The burden's still upon his heavy heart!

*(Exit within tent)*

ACT V

SCENE 2.—(Same as 1)

*(Appomattox, Va. Immediately after Lee's Surrender. Church in background. Four buglers—two in gray and two in blue, advance to the front and sound call.—Two squads of soldiers, one in gray, the other in blue, arrange themselves opposite one another in lines.—Gen. Lee, on gray charger, and Gen. Grant, on black charger, place themselves opposite each other at their respective ends of the lines.)*

GRANT

Ah, Gen'ral, happy is this thought of home  
That comes to our old soldier hearts to-day!

LEE

My home! I've thirsted thirty years for it!  
I seek its shelter, gladly, friend, despite  
The fact I bear not home a victor's sword!

GRANT

Not *one*, but *many* victories were yours!

LEE

Ah, sir, you are magnanimous, and kind!  
I hardly know which to admire the most—

Your kindness, or simple modesty.  
Great Caesar, victor in his civil wars,  
Was not so great in noble amnesty.<sup>1</sup>

GRANT

Speak not of this, my friend! While 'twas my  
heart  
That first did prompt me, yet 'twas wisdom's  
course  
To do this thing for our united land!

LEE

Your wisdom, then, was great as was your  
heart!  
God grant the people ev'rywhere may see  
The matter in this same clear wisdom's light!  
Our people of the South will see it thus.

GRANT

No doubt they'll honor you with office, sir.

LEE

Ah, say not that! I am no statesman, Grant!  
A soldier's life I've led for many years.

GRANT

And so Napoleon, and Caesar too.  
Thus Cromwell, England's quaint reformer,  
sir,

---

<sup>1</sup> Gen. Grant, by his magnanimity at Appomattox, won his way into the admiration of the South and of the world. As Ambassador Page says (p. 638): "History contains no finer example of greatness. Not Alexander in his generous youth excelled him."

And Alexander, greater than them all!

LEE

Oh yes, my friend, and tyrants, too, they were.

GRANT

But what about the noble Washington?

LEE

Oh, Washington is *sui generis*.

There'll never be another Washington!

But listen, Grant, I hear the organ's peal  
Announcing that the bridal party comes!

(As Lee concludes, a bridal procession emerges from the Church. The buglers sound another call. Kingdon Scott leads with Julia Carter, while Shirley Carter follows with Peggy Scott. The procession marches between the lines of soldiers who form an arch of their swords and bayoneted guns. Gens. Grant and Lee join the points of their swords helping to form the arch. As the procession reaches the two Generals it stops. The two Generals dismount and shake hands with the brides. The procession proceeds, followed by soldiers, leaving Grant and Lee, who remount their steeds and ride away together.)

(Curtain)







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